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EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

SWEET, by Arcadian Pan, is the song which thou sing'st to thy harping;
Zenophilé, sweet notes pluckest thou forth from thy lyre.
How shall I fly thee? on every side encompass'd by Cupids,
Who, by incessant attacks, leave me not time to take breath.
Now 'tis thy form that awakens my wishes; and now 'tis thy singing:
Now 'tis thy grace—nay, 'tis all, all, and with fire I consume. J. O.

STEPHEN HELLER.

(Continued from our last.)

AMONG the small number of composers who have devoted themselves, during the last twenty years, with equal sincerity and talent, to vary and enrich the library of pianoforte music, the artist whose name stands at the head of this essay holds a distinguished place. It is true that the spirit of his time has, in one respect, influenced Stephen Heller, as it has influenced other men of eminent ability. Though the number of his published works (reckoning by their arrangement as *opera*) reaches beyond sixty, we find only three to which he has affixed the title of sonata. These, however, must be ranked with the most original essays to which modern art (placing Beethoven among the old masters), has given birth in the great classical form. But before we attempt a critical analysis of their merits, or enter any further into M. Heller's claims to be classed with those composers for the pianoforte who have been adopted as models by their contemporaries, and whose works are destined, in all probability, to endure, we must beg leave to make a digression.

The composers who, from Haydn's time till now, have produced excellent specimens of the sonata, may be readily enumerated. Taking Haydn as the inventor, we must, of course, put aside the Bachs, and the Scarlattis, with Handel, Couperin, Pachelbel, Paradies, and all their contemporaries, as out of the argument in question, their harpsichord music having been composed before the complete form in question was discovered. It is true we meet frequent instances in their writings of a series of movements, all in one key, being designated *sonata*, (*vide*, for examples, the *Suites de Pièces* of Handel, Domenico Scarlatti, and Bach); and we also find the name *sinfonia* affixed to compositions for the orchestra which have more than one movement. Specimens of the latter may be seen in the works of Vanhall, Kotzwara, Gossec,* and others, who flourished at the period when Haydn was already contemplating the development of the instrumental form, of which he has left such perfect examples in his symphonies, and to which more than to anything else, he owes his immortality and the important place his works are universally allowed to hold in the history of the art. But, on examination, these will be found

to have as little relation to the grand sonata as the fugues for the orchestra that preface many of Handel's oratorios, to the present operatic overture, which, owing its first indication to Piccini and Gluck, and its complete development to Mozart, is still plainly to be traced to the plan suggested by Haydn in the first movements of his symphonies. In making a catalogue of those who are deservedly celebrated as composers of sonatas,* we must therefore begin with Haydn.

In Haydn's time, Pleyel, who enjoyed a wide reputation as a composer of symphonies and quartets, produced a great number of sonatas for the pianoforte, which, though, for the most part, light and trivial to modern ears, are, nevertheless, well written and symmetrical. Pleyel was not a profound musician, nor was he a great genius; but he was possessed of considerable fancy, and an almost inexhaustible vein of tune. Though, until Haydn had invented the *plan*, Pleyel knew and foresaw nothing about it, he yet became an apt follower (at a respectful distance) in the steps of his great cotemporary, and produced a number of works which, inferior as they were to those of his model, were nearer the mark than anything else that had appeared, until the genius of Mozart burst upon the world, dimming even Haydn's glory, and gave existence to works which the father of instrumental music regarded with astonishment, and Beethoven himself failed to excel—because, in truth, they are unsurpassable. To the great planets, Haydn and Mozart, with their tiny satellite, Pleyel,† we seek in vain to add the name of another composer of that precise period, who successfully exerted his abilities in the most important and difficult branch of his art. The sonatas of Nicolai,‡ a voluminous writer, are generally little better than skeletons, although the influence of Haydn's form may be faintly traced in some of them. Those of Kotzwara, (alias Ditters—composer of the *Battle of Prague*, which gave rise to such a swarm of imitations,) may be dismissed, as even less deserving of consideration; and the same of Alberti, with a long catalogue of Italian musicians who deluged London and Paris, at the end of the eighteenth century, as singing masters and pianoforte teachers. A whole tribe of German and French, not to mention English, composers of that period, may be overlooked for similar reasons.

* Let it be borne in mind that Stephen Heller is known as a composer for the pianoforte, and that it is of composers for the pianoforte we have generally to speak in this essay. When, therefore, we allude to sonatas, unless expressly qualified, we must be understood to speak of sonatas for that instrument—and not of symphonies, quartets, or other concerted pieces.

† Ignace Pleyel was the father of M. Camille Pleyel, the well-known manufacturer of pianofortes in Paris, himself a composer for the piano of some (small) pretensions; he was, consequently (a much more interesting fact), father-in-law to the celebrated pianist, Madame Marie Pleyel, who was married to M. Camille Pleyel (then already advanced in life) when scarcely eighteen years of age.

‡ A sonata in C major by this composer, the first of a set of six, was among the most popular works ever written for the pianoforte.

* A French composer, to whom Haydn has been erroneously declared indebted for the symphonic form.

Boccherini, the Italian, to whom the Sanata form was well known, produced some sets for the harpsichord, but those we recollect to have seen are vastly inferior to the light and elegant quintets for stringed instruments, to which he chiefly owes his fame.

After what may be termed the Haydn period—although Haydn, Mozart, and Pleyel were still alive when most of the composers we are about to name began to flourish—came what, with equal justice, may be designated the age of Dussek, one of the most remarkable and gifted of all the composers for the pianoforte. We shall perhaps be told, however, that, since Clementi was somewhat in advance of Dussek, and since he has long held the undisputed title of "Father of the Pianoforte," he ought to have the first place, and give the name to the epoch in which he flourished. We cannot, however, consent to this. Clementi was a more learned musician than Dussek, but was even more inferior to him in genius and invention than superior in acquirement. Dussek, unfortunately for himself and for his art, was an idle and dissolute man, while Clementi was the model of regularity and diligence. Dussek was so naturally gifted that he could dispense with more than half the application necessary to form a perfect musician, while Clementi, who was far less bountifully endowed, was happily possessed of habits of intense application. Dussek was more of a *bon vivant* than a philosopher, though a man of rare intelligence and wit; he was, as Mendelssohn said of him, "a prodigal;" he loved champagne and good dinners; women and wine and boon companions were his deities; he went to bed very late and rose still later; he never, although fashionably patronised, attended to his lessons, or applied himself to composition, popular as were his works and eagerly bought by the publishers, while he had a guinea at his command; necessity alone could induce him to labour, and he was known more than once to be in bed all day long because he had no money to pay for a dinner, while pupils and music sellers besieged him with remonstrances. Clementi was the very reverse of all this, and though he never acquired either the social or musical popularity of Dussek, he rapidly accumulated resources, obtained a thorough knowledge of his art, a large practice, a host of friends, and a handsome fortune. While Dussek died of premature decay, with scarcely a real friend in the world, poor and helpless, Clementi reached a green old age, admired and respected by all, surrounded by friends and relations, dying a natural death on a comfortable bed, undisturbed by worldly cares and anticipations. But though the world that knew him returned Dussek's contempt by neglect and ultimate indifference, we, to whom his mortal virtues and vices are indifferent, because we had no personal experience of their effect, are better able to consider the influence of his immortal genius upon that art of which, with all his drawbacks, he was so bright an ornament and so great a master.

(To be continued.)

LONDON WEDNESDAY CONCERTS.

We were bound pantomime-ward on Wednesday, which turned out to be Boxing-day, and so did not hear much of the tenth concert. We will, however, endeavour to make up for brevity of comment by offering the programme, which may give our country readers, and those in town who are uninformed of the matter, some notion of what constitutes a London Wednesday Concert. Here goes:—

PART I.—Selection from the Operas of M. W. Balfe:—Overture, *Siege of Rochelle*.—Trio, Mrs. Newton, Miss Eyles, and Miss Poole, "Vorrei Parlar,"

(*Falstaff*).—Song, Mrs. A. Newton, (*Maid of Honor*). "It was the Red Cross Knight."—Ballad, Mr. B. Frodsham, "We may be happy yet," (*Daughter of St. Mark*).—Ballad, Miss Eyles, (*Keelantse*). "While I hear thy voice, dear."—Ballad, Miss Poole, "It is not form," (*The Bondman*).—Ballad, Herr Formes, "The heart bow'd down," (*The Bohemian Girl*).—Corno Bassetto, Mr. Maycock.—Grand Airs, Mrs. A. Newton, (*Joan of Arc*). "The trumpet shall sound."—Trumpet Obligato, Mr. T. Harper.—Chorus, by the Company, "Vive le Roi," (*Siege of Rochelle*).—Basse.—Grand Pianoforte Fantasia, M. Thalberg, (*Les Huguenots*).—Thalberg.—Serenade, Mr. B. Frodsham, "Madoline."—S. Nelson.—Song, Mrs. A. Newton, "Lo! here the gentle lark."—Bishop.—Concertina Obligato, Master Ward.—Song, Herr Formes, "The Wanderer."—Schubert.—Song, Miss Poole, "My mother bids me bind my hair."—Haydn.—Fantasia, Violin, Herr Ernst, Hungarian Airs.—Ernst.—Laughing Chorus, by the Company, "Vadasi via di qua."—Mozzini.—Jubilee Overture—"Eber"

PART II.—Overture, *Fra Diavolo*.—Auber.—Glee, Mrs. Newton, Miss Eyles, Mr. Land, and Mr. Smythson, "Here in cool grot."—Lord Mornington.—Song, Miss Poole, "The Mistletoe Bough."—Bishop.—German Lied, Herr Formes, "The Sailor's Song."—Kücken.—Pianoforte Grand Fantasia, M. Thalberg, (*La Sonnambula*).—Thalberg.—Song, Miss Eyles, "Pretty Dove."—Knight.—Duet, Mrs. A. Newton, and Mr. B. Frodsham, "O, don't you remember the beautiful glade?" (Irish Melody).—S. Lever.—Solo Violin, Herr Ernst, Air Varié.—Mayseder.—New Cadence, Ernst.—Naval Song, Herr Formes, "The Bay of Biscay."—Davy.—Solo Concertina, "The Swiss Boy," Master Ward; accompanied on the Pianoforte by Mrs. A. Newton.—Song, Miss Eyles, "Come when the morn is breaking."—Linley.—Glee, by the Company, "When the wind blows."—Bishop.—Instrumental Finale.

Imagine the above, dear reader in the country, if you possibly can, with the arbitrary ex-prolixity of a series of encores, from six to ten, the ordinary proportion, for the audiences are as voracious as *polypi*.

Thalberg's appearance (his first this season) was the novelty of the concert. He was generously welcomed, and played his *Huguenots* in a masterly manner. An encore was inevitable, but according to the prevalent custom, instead of repeating the same piece, Mr. Thalberg played the last part of another—the fantasia on *Don Pasquale*, in which the serenade "Come é gentil" is introduced. This pleased as much as the other, and the celebrated pianist retired amidst general applause.

But amidst their enthusiasm for Thalberg the audience by no means forgot their special favorite, Ernst, who was received with acclamations, and performed his admirable fantasia, the *Airs Hongrois*, in splendid style, obtaining an encore as unanimous as it was hearty. Ernst reappeared in answer to these demonstrations of and bowed several times to the audience. This, however, did not satisfy them, nor was the tumult allayed until Ernst returned to the orchestra, with his violin, and repeated the *rondo*, which he accomplished with increased effect. Ernst has been reengaged by Mr. Stammers for six concerts, on which event we take leave to congratulate both artist and manager.

We only heard three of the vocal *morceaux*, but with these we were well content. The first was Nelson's ballad "Madoline," sweetly sung by the new tenor, Bridge Frodsham, (who improves upon acquaintance,) and encored without a dissentient voice. The second was Schubert's "Wanderer," sung by Formes in the most impressive style. Formes gives the true reading to this popular romance, and bestows a marked and appropriate character upon each couplet. His conception and execution of the last verse are very fine, and drew down the loudest applause. We hope to hear Herr Formes in some more of Schubert's bass songs, which are peculiarly well suited to his voice and style. The third and last song we listened to was, "Lo! here the gentle lark," which was vocalised to perfection by Mrs. Alexander Newton, accompanied by her brother, Master Ward, who played the obligato flute part on a concertina—very cleverly, we must allow, although we strongly object to such instrumental metamorphoses.

After this we heard nothing, but went straight to the pan-

tomime at the Princess's Theatre, which well repaid us for our pains.

The hall was very full, in spite of the motley attractions of "Boxing Night" elsewhere.

Sims Reeves makes his first appearance at the next concert.

THE "EUTERPE" OF HERODOTUS.

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES.

(Continued from page 787.)

CXVI. In this manner, the priests told me, did Helen come to Proteus, and it seems to me, that even Homer had heard this story, but as it was not so suited to *Epopœa* as the other, which he used, he rejected it; still, however, showing that he was acquainted with it. This is manifest, for he has described in the *Iliad* (and he does not elsewhere retract what he has said) the voyage of Alexander (Paris) showing how he carried off Helen, and, after wandering a great deal about, came to Sidon, in Phœnicia. "These were the embroidered pepli, the work of Sidonian women, whom the godlike Alexander himself brought from Sidon, sailing on the wide sea, on the course by which he brought the well-born Helen." (*Il. vi*, 289.) He also mentions the voyage in the *Odyssey*, in these words: "Such skilfully-devised and excellent drugs did (Helen) the daughter of Zeus possess, which Polydamna, the Egyptian wife of Thonis, had given her, where the fertile soil produces drugs, many good and many bad mingled together." (*Od. iv*, 227.) And again Menelaus says to Telemachus: "When I wished to come hither the gods detained me in Egypt; for I had not offered to them perfect hecatombs" (351).

In these verses Homer shows that he knows of the wandering of Alexander into Egypt; for Syria borders on Egypt, and the Phœnicians, to whom Sidon belongs, live in Syria.

CXVII. According to these verses, and especially the last passage, it is manifest that the *Cypria* (a) are not by Homer, but by some one else; for it is said in the *Cypria*, that Alexander came in three days from Sparta to Ilium, bringing Helen with him, availing himself of a favourable wind and a calm sea. Let this suffice for Homer and the *Cypria*.

NOTE,

(a) The subject of the Cyprian verses here alluded to was the Trojan War, from the time of the birth of Helen. On the author of them, see that instructive and amusing work, Coleridge's, "Introduction to Greek Classic Poets," chapter on the origin and preservation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," p. 50. "The most celebrated of the second race of *Ποιηταί* were the Homeridae, a name given to a school or family of them, which had its head quarters in the island of Chios, and pretended to be the correctest reciters of the verses of Homer. Among these was Cynæthos, whose fame was so great, that the hymn to Apollo was attributed to him; and it may be suspected that the well known lines relative to the residence and person of Homer, are an instance of the fame and the talent of him, or of some other Chian rhapsode. Certain it is, that during the age of this second race, a great number of poets flourished, by whom it is reasonable to believe that much of the cyclical heroic poetry, now or anciently existing under various names, must have been composed. We are told of Arctenus, the Milesian author of the *Æthiops*; of Lesches the Lesleian, author of the little *Iliad*; of Stasinus the Cyprian, author of Cyprian verses, &c. &c." *Athenæus* xv. 9, p. 682, ed. Cas., quoted by Wess, attributes them to Hegesias, or to some one of Halicarnassus; thirteen verses are preserved in that passage; Aristotle, *Poetics* c. 16, to Dicaeogenes.—From *Twinner*.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIREE'S MUSICALES.

THE following was the programme of the last of these interesting *réunions*, which, we are happy to state, have turned

out as profitable as they were honourable to the fair and talented artist:—

PART I.—Quartet (in D Op. 7) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Mr. Blagrove, Mr. Gattie, Mr. Dando, and Mr. Lucas.—*Mozart*. Airs, Miss Dolby, "Amor, nel mio penar" (*Flavio*).—*Handel*. Song, Miss Thornton, "Voi che sapete."—*Mozart*. Andante con Variazioni (Op. 47) Pianoforte and Violin, Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Blagrove.—*Beethoven*. Song, Mr. Benson, "Hide me from day's garish eye," (*Il Penseroso*).—*Handel*. Song of the Blind Flower Girl, Miss Dolby.—*W. H. Holmes*. Motett (No. 2, for female voices) principal parts by Miss Birch, Miss Thornton, and Miss Dolby, "Laudate pueri."—*Mendelssohn*.

PART II.—Trio (first time of performance), Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Lucas, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.—*Molique*. Song, Mr. W. H. Seguin, "Deh vieni alla finestra" (*Don Giovanni*).—*Mozart*. Song, Miss Birch, "Eulalie."—*Hobbs*. Duet, Miss Thornton, and Miss Dolby, "Come to my forest home."—*Panofka*. Trio and Chorus, principal parts by Miss Birch, Miss Thornton, and Miss Dolby, "La Carita."—*Rossini*. Song, Mr. H. Phillips, "The Milkmaid."—*Kraus*. Songs, Miss Dolby, "The winter it is past" (*Words by Burns*).—*Kate Loder*.—"Hopeful heart should banish care."—*Balfe*. Sextett, Miss Birch, Miss Thornton, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, Mr. W. H. Seguin, and Mr. H. Phillips, "Sola, sola, in bujo loco (*Don Giovanni*).—*Mozart*. The vocal music accompanied by Mr. Lindsay Sloper.

We much regret not having been able to attend the performance, which—although there seems to have been more than the usual number of vocal pieces—must have offered a real treat to the amateurs of good music. We are informed that, as at the others, the room was attend-d by a numerous and highly-fashionable audience. Molique's new trio, of which it is our intention shortly to state our impressions, seems to have been unanimously admired.

SONNET.

NO. CXII.

DEAR D,—I've got the head-ache, for the clatter
Of boxing-night still echoes in my ears;
There's not a single image but appears
Embedded in some dense, dark, foggy matter,
Clogging me up, so that I cannot scatter
Forth to the world aught about hopes or fears,
Platonic smiles or ironic tears,
Or maxims wise—(especially the latter).
The pantomime lasted till full a quarter,—
Nay, more than that—I'm sure 'twas half-past one,
And then I had so long to reflect upon it.
I write you this, just to keep up the charter:
I would not break it, though I feel quite done
Up.—Pray take these excuses for a sonnet.

N. D.

THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES AND BURLESQUES.

MANAGERS this year have generally propitiated the genius of Rich—only three of the metropolitan theatres having resorted to modern extravaganza, whilst some eight or ten have put forth bills intimating the presence of Harlequin this and Harlequin that, in all the outrages and conceits of type. Each, no doubt, is profuse in romantic attraction, and urchins, as they survey with saucer eye the invitations at the shop-doors, are puzzled which to "agitate" for at home. Cleverly, indeed, do the artificers of these flaming placards set off the ingenuities of the hour; and who is there that is not beguiled with the visions of necromancy which are conjured up to the imagination, and long to look upon, in all their practical reality, the bower of fairies, the caves of enchanters, the delicate monsters, the impossible scenery, which are shadowed so suggestively by the pens of the stage-manager! We are glad of the more universal return of the Clown and his comrades to the Christmas stage. They are sure of the blithesomest clap of welcome from the children both in dress and undress circles

—in pit, gallery, or private box; for even those of larger growth, who cast a languid and disdainful glance upon the desperate athletics of the buffoons and the worn-out magic of the mechanist, are never tired of the prattling criticism of childhood and its spritely chirping laugh.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Anderson, who comes forward to restore Old Drury to its pristine glories, was honoured on Wednesday with a real Boxing-night audience of the old school—a set of jovial souls, determined not to hear a word of the play, but to reserve all their attention for the pantomime.

At first, Mr. Anderson, finding that not a word of his Shylock could reach any ear, came forward, and taking a good-humoured view of the case, said he was pleased at the "house-warming." Then, observing the crowded condition of the gods—indeed the whole house was crammed to suffocation—he stated that the numbers of his supporters showed they meant him well, though, he added, they had rather an odd way of showing it. The occupants of the galleries continued their vociferations, expressing by divers idiomatic remarks their belief that they were too densely thronged, and adding practical force to those remarks by tearing down the drapery within their reach and pitching it into the pit. The noise at last became tiresome, and elicited two more speeches from Mr. Anderson, in which he stated that he had given orders to return the admission money to the inconvenienced, and protested that he would raise his prices if the gentry in the gallery did not reform their manners. The only pause in the uproar was in the trial scene, when Miss Laura Addison, who played the character of Portia, came forward as the advocate of the oppressed Antonio. The audience gave her a round of applause, and consented to hear this principal scene of the play.

When the curtain had fallen Mr. Anderson re-appeared in plain clothes, and in a very good spirit settled all the differences of the evening. He thanked the crowded audience for their support, regretted the unpleasantness which had occurred, and declared his object of giving the drama a central home while he admitted the merits of the suburban directors. In managing the noisy holiday folks Mr. Anderson had a difficult task to perform, and he certainly got through it with much firmness and also with much good humour.

The introduction to the pantomime of *Harlequin and Good Queen Bess*, which is the Christmas novelty of the house, is one of the best we have seen for a long time. The story is that of Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester, which is worked out in the most grotesque fashion. Queen Elizabeth, shown first in a dressing-gown, and afterwards with all the pomp and circumstance which pictures have made so familiar, is represented to the perfection of caricature, and is humorously acted by Mr. R. Romer. Leicester, the lady-killer *par excellence*, with aquiline nose and mimic gait, is played by M. Deulin with a droll foppery, completely recalling the manner of Mr. W. H. Payne. Amy Robsart's baby is another leading object of mirth. The contending genii who preside over the introduction to the pantomime are the spirits of "High Tragedy," and of John Rich, the ancient Harlequin. The former would allow the story to come to a dismal termination, but the latter rescues Leicester and Amy by converting them into Harlequin and Columbine, and giving them the usual pantomimic attendants.

The Harlequinade contains some good hits, but wants compression. A transformation of Smithfield into a lugubrious locality, after an infuriated ox has been put to flight by a

troop of pointed pens, is a good notion well executed. A case of "peace tracts" changing to a group of fighting soldiers is another happy allusion to a topic of the day. As a pantomime scene of the practical school we have a bed-room in a lodging-house, the windows and bed-curtains of which are made, by an ingenious contrivance, to become so many stalking ghosts, and thus to terrify the Pantaloon and Clown. Towards the end comes a diorama representing the Queen's visit to Ireland, which did not commence till past one o'clock. The working of the machinery was here and there obstinate, but a few nights' experience will smooth the mechanical progress and mitigate the gestative agonies of stage-managers and carpenters. The hybrid athletes, for whose exploits the unsophisticated folks in the house had waited with undissembled anxiety during the play, are accomplished masters of their craft. Mr. Deulin is an expert Harlequin. His spangled tights glittered again as he tripped and frisked about the stage; and he shot through windows with undeniable "go-aheadness." The Clown, Mr. Stilt, was equally volatile, and though his fun was not impregnated too much with the rich, oily humour that clowns ought to have, and which the remembrance of one Gramaldi sollicit us to look for, his vigorous activity was amusing. The "evil spirit" who accompanies him was embodied by Mr. Seymour—a tumbler of rare parts—a wight of singular flexibility, and of herpetological capacities of contortion. Some feats by Stilt, the Clown, with a Master Stilt—a child of about six years of age—approached the high standard of the renowned Professor Risley. Mr. J. Deulin, as Pantaloon, received his thumps and kicks with a power of endurance that was beautiful, retorting upon his supple associates with a diverting imbecility and emptiness of effort. The Columbine agilities of the full-bodied Mlle. Theodore, were respectable, and her pirouettes with her particularised lover betokened the right Christmas spirit. The individuals upon whom depended the welfare of the pantomime were thus good of the kind, and their physical antagonisms replete with impulse and vivacity.

It seems Mr. Anderson's intention to manage his theatre with spirit, and it is to be hoped that success will attend his undertaking. He has made an arrangement with M. Jullien sufficiently eligible to establish confidence in its prosperity. Mr. Anderson's prospectus indicates the principles by which he is governed. He has selected a tolerable working company, enriched by a few eminent names, chosen with a view to an average effective embodiment, rather than to parade a costly amount of liability; by playing a series of Shaksperian and other analogous pieces, he calculates upon securing a succession of remunerative audiences, the more especially as his tariff of prices is more economical than has yet been tried by the lessees of the theatre, who have adventured and lost fortunes in a vain endeavour to restore to it its reputation of former days. Mr. Anderson declares himself to be influenced by a pure spirit of affection for the national drama, and by an earnest wish for its permanent revivification; and it is this that induces him to peril the means that he has at his disposal, and look for countenance from those who, like himself, lament the degradation into which the native drama has fallen, but have faith in the vitality of its principle. He trusts that the effigy of Shakspeare, which, through all the vicissitudes of the establishment, stands placidly and thoughtfully over the portico, will no longer be a bitter sarcasm upon what is going on within; and in this honourable feeling we can but join, though our expectations of the intellectual gallantry of the multitude is, peradventure, far less sanguine than his own. But let us wait the result. Mr. Anderson

commences at a favourable period of the year, and, we believe, under unusually advantageous circumstances as regards rent, and repeat our hope that his expectations may not be delusive.

HAYMARKET.

The *Boxing-Night* fare presented to the visitors of this establishment consisted of the popular pieces, *Loving Woman* and *King René's Daughter*; and a new Christmas entertainment, or "Piece of Bijouterie," entitled *The Ninth Statue, or the Jewels and the Gem*, by the Brothers Brough.

The Christmas Entertainment is a Burlesque written in the authors' most happy and wittiest vein; full of good things to abundance, sparkling with puns and surprises, satirising the current evils of the day with successful aim and good intention, shooting Folly as it flies or stands still—in short, "an admirable piece of fooling," and one highly creditable to the talents of the popular *confrères*, who have now established themselves as entitled to rank among the best of dramatic writers in the Burlesque line. We cannot praise so highly the foundation upon which the Brothers Brough have built their new concoction. The story is by no means so interesting as some of its predecessors, the materials are somewhat scanty, the incidents sometimes not very new, nor very natural, and, with the exception of the principal personage, the characters do not play sufficiently important parts. This last may be the reason why Mr. and Mrs. Keeley did not appear among the *dramatis personæ*, their places being supplied by Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam—her debut at this theatre—and Mr. Munyard, a draft from the Adelphi company. The characters intended for Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were hardly prominent enough; hence their withdrawal from the cast; and their loss in the piece was, to a certain extent, irremediable.

Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam will form a great acquisition to the Haymarket. Her appearance is interesting, she acts with becoming grace and *nivété*, though perhaps a little wanting in spirit, and she has a most agreeable voice and sings both tastefully and skilfully. She obtained a very flattering reception on Wednesday night, and was loudly applauded in several of her vocal efforts. Her best was the travestie on the scena from *Sonnambula*, "Come per me sereno," which she vocalised with a neatness and facility that would have done no discredit to a more ambitious display in a higher sphere of the lyric drama. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam did not please us so much in the new version of Macfarren's popular romance, "A poor simple maiden am I," from *King Charles II.* It was deficient in finish and precision.

Mr. Munyard is a good face actor, but he does not seem to shine in burlesque. He possesses neither the stolid gravity of Keeley, the grandiloquence and pomposity of Bland, the impudent and full-of-meaning quietude of Wright, nor the original twang and contortions of Bedford. He is clever, but his forte is not burlesque.

The story of the *Ninth Statue; or, the Jewels and the Gem*, is a very simple one. Zeyn Alasnam the Rapid, King of Balsora (Miss P. Horton), discovers a hidden trap door in the palace which leads to a subterranean grotto, or vault, of unparagoned splendour, and which contains inestimable riches. Among other wonders of the place, the King beholds eight statues of diamonds. While lost in admiration of the glories and treasures round him, Rumpfogi the First, King of all the Genii (Mr. Bland), suddenly appears and offers him all he sees, and a ninth statue, more wonderful than all he sees, on condition of his procuring him a perfect woman. The difficulty of obtaining such a *rara avis* does not escape his

Majesty of Balsora, but the splendour and wealth before him urge him to the attempt, and he closes a bargain to that purpose with the King of the Genii. The latter presents him a glass, in which a woman's defects will be at once observable. King Zeyn then issues a proclamation, inviting women of all ranks and sizes to take a peep in the tell-tale mirror, asserting that he will marry her who proves herself all perfect. Nothing daunted, shoals of the fair sex tumble in, deeming their chance of success by no means a remote one; but, alas! the glass lets nothing pass; what is or was, as bright as brass is painted on the mirror's face. Among the shoals are some ten or a dozen daughters of an old Eastern gentleman, one Mobarec (Mr. C. Selby), all of whom the glass dismisses with a gentle reflection on their presumption, with the exception of Zuleika, (Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam)—the youngest, of course—who, upon being presented to the mirror, defies its utmost scrutiny. The King of Balsora falls in love with Zuleika, and Zuleika falls in love with the King of Balsora, but a pause is put to their delight when Zeyn remembers and informs Zuleika of his contract with the King of all the Genii.

It is in this scene that occurs one of the neatest and happiest bits of burlesque witticisms we have ever heard. The King and Zuleika are both in despair. The following brief colloquy passes:—

King. Ah! me!

Zuleika. Ah! me!

King. Our Sigh-ah!-me's are twins!

The King of the Genii carries off Zuleika, in despite of the entreaties and resistance of Zeyn. In a subsequent scene, the Genii King appears to the King of Balsora, and invites him to the diamond grotto, to behold the ninth statue, of whose glories he had spoken before, and the possession of which was the promised remuneration for finding him a perfect woman. But Zeyn, abandoned to despair, is, of course, devoid of logic and common sense, and the King of the Genii, finding that he will not visit the Vault of Diamonds, brings the Vault of Diamonds to visit him. The grotto scene again appears, and Zuleika is observed as the Ninth Statue, standing on a pedestal. The King of all the Genii turns up a trump, and makes the lovers happy.

The getting up of this piece is extremely brilliant and magnificent. The Grotto of Diamonds is exceedingly beautiful, and the *posés* of the eight statues highly artistic and admirably varied. The fountain of pearly water playing in the background has a delightful effect, and all this is greatly enhanced by a charming device introduced in the last scene, formed of a semi-curtain of cut glass drops in quaint figures, emblematical of love and happiness, and shining with a thousand lights.

The dresses are no less gorgeous and splendid. Miss P. Horton's costume, as usual, was not only rich and dazzling, but tasteful and becoming.

Miss P. Horton, upon whose shoulders rested nearly all the weight of the piece, exhibited her customary abilities both in singing and acting. She was encored several times—most heartily in a travestie on the piquant Jetty Treffz' most piquant "Trab, trab, trab."

Mr. Munyard sang a capital burlesque on "By the margin of Zurich's fair waters," which began, "By the margin of the Thames dirty waters," and was encored.

The music was excellently selected and arranged by Mr. T. German Reed, and most of the current popularities introduced—Julien's Row Polka two or three times.

The burlesque was unmitigably successful, and after all

the leading characters were summoned before the curtain, a loud and unanimous call was made for the authors, who, with some delay, came accordingly and made their bows across the stage.

PRINCESS'S.

The new Christmas pantomime, *King Jamie, or Harlequin and the Magic Fiddle*, sustains the reputation which the Princess's Theatre has deservedly held for some years in this venerable class of entertainment, and was entirely successful.

The substitution of King Jamie for King Hal, of the Stuarts for the Tudors (the excellent pantomime of *Bluff King Hal*, produced last year, will not have been forgotten), was quite safe with such a first-rate pantomimic actor as Mr. Honey to sustain the principal character. Moreover, the new entertainment is from the same pen as the old one—Mr. G. H. Rodwell, if we are not mistaken—almost a guarantee of success. The curtain draws up on the "Hall of Evil Spirits," where we find Alcohol (Mr. Stacey), their choleric and excitable prince, declaiming against the properties and influence of Water, the implacable enemy of his tribe. In obedience to Alcohol's invocation, all his attendant spirits—Gin, Brandy, Rum, Hollands, Scotch Whiskey, Irish Whiskey too, and, lastly, Shligowich (a Russian spirit, distilled for the occasion)—suddenly emerge from a proportionate number of gigantic butts, each attired in the costume of the country to which he is indigenous. A consultation takes place, the purport of which is how best to maintain the sway of Alcohol over the human race, to banish Father Mathew, and abolish the water cure. England is chosen for the scene of action, and England's King, Jamie, as the likely instrument, being not ungiven to "potations pottle deep." At a gesture from Alcohol, a mighty still opens its sides, and, laying bare its interior, out jumps Guido Fawkes (Mr. Wynn), renowned in history, who sings at the utmost stretch of his lungs—an accomplishment in which Mr. Wynn appears to be an adept—a lyrical diatribe against Majesty and Parliament, swearing to "blow them up." The next scene introduces us to the royal bedroom, where we discover King Jamie (Mr. Honey) and his beloved consort, Anne of Denmark—of course, for propriety's sake, in separate beds—while "Babie Charles" is very unruly in a cradle. The fun of this scene must be witnessed to be appreciated. Mr. Honey, who seems born to represent the crowned heads of England, was quite in his element, and, whether in demonstrating his affection for his royal partner, nursing and tranquillising the baby by the comfortable administration of spoonfuls of the food which babies love best, dressing and shaving to be up and ready for the chase, or counterfeiting the voice and manner of Mr. Charles Kean and other popular actors, he was equally racy and inimitable. The "business" of this scene requires shortening, but the shouts of laughter testified to its unquestionable effect upon the audience. The third scene brings us to Epping Forest. Lady Arabella Stuart (Miss Fawcett) and William Seymour (Mr. Bologna), two persecuted lovers, are bewailing the hardness of their lot. The lady sinks exhausted on a bank. Alcohol recognises the only two individuals in the kingdom who have resolutely resisted his power, and have been constant to water diet throughout their natural lives. In the guise of an old magician he tenders a draught, which he declares will restore Lady Arabella; but no sooner does she put it to her lips than she rejects it with disdain. Her lover empties the flask of its contents, refills it with water, and, sharing the potation with his mistress, both are revived by its salutary effects. Alcohol departs in a violent paroxysm of rage, and as he disappears a beautiful fountain rises out of the water, out of which glides

Water Lily (Miss Lebar), Queen of the Naiads, a benevolent spirit. Water Lily immediately fixes upon the two lovers as effectual antidotes to the influence of Alcohol's designs, and presents Seymour with a magic fiddle, by playing upon which he can at all times escape from danger. The noise of the royal hunt is now heard, to the tune of Weber's chorus, and the King, with Steenie (Mr. Franks), his favourite companion, appears with the numerous trophies of his adventures. The sport has been excellent, but the King, being tired, declares he will at once dine upon the fare at hand—an enormous turkey. Accordingly, tables are set out, and the King begins to break his fast, with every sign of voracity. Perceiving Seymour, who has adopted the costume and bearing of a decrepit fiddler, he calls for music to enliven his repast. Whereupon Seymour begins to play upon the magic fiddle, the effect of which is as instantaneous as it is unexpected. All the courtiers and attendants are engaged in an involuntary dance, and the King, "nill he, will he," is compelled to overthrow his table and imitate their example. In the midst of the dance the fiddler and his companion escape, and the King, being relieved from the saltatory influence of the magic fiddle, orders a general chase in quest of them. In the next scene, Guy Fawkes's abode, the King, overtaken by a storm, demands shelter from the unknown conspirator, and about to be sacrificed to his treasonable fury is saved by the arrival of Seymour and his fiddle, the tones of which at once set Guy Fawkes and his associates "a dancing," King Jamie involuntarily keeping them company until he finds an opportunity to escape. Scene the fourth—"An old Street in London," graphically painted—involves the grand procession of the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, and dignitaries of the state, to open Parliament in Westminster. Four of the masks in the procession—the Chancellor, the Military Commander, the Chief Minister, and the conductor of the ambulant orchestra—from their ludicrous resemblances to Lord Brougham, "the Duke," Lord J. Russell, and, last not least, Monsieur Jullien, were greeted with the loudest laughter and applause. The following scene introduces us to the vaults underneath the House of Lords, where Guy Fawkes is prosecuting his infernal machinations, which, after a series of "funny" incidents, too long to tell, are frustrated by Steenie, who orders the conspirator to be seized. Mr. Fawkes, singing "Pity the sorrows of a poor old Guy," resigns himself to his fate, and the scene immediately changes to a romantic abode, y'cleped the "Baths of Beauty, or the Naiads' Home," where Water Lily, having, in her own opinion, triumphed over Alcohol, enters into a provisional treaty with him. Spirits and water are, for the time, to be mingled, and love to be put in the glass instead of sugar. Upon this, the usual transformations take place; the two lovers become Harlequin and Columbine (Mr. Bologna and Miss Fawcett), King James, Pantaloon (Mr. Paulo), and Guy Fawkes, Clown (Mr. Flexmore). Now the mimic scene begins in reality. In rapid and unaccountable succession we are introduced to a furrier's and music-seller's shop (scene 1), where the furrier is poked down a coal-cellar by Clown, always an uncomfortable customer, and an English pine, in the shape of Miss Louisa Pyne, is magically invoked upon the windows of the music-shop, to the tune of Macfarren's popular song, "A poor simple maiden am I;"—to a "Haunted chamber" (scene 2), in which Clown and Pantaloon vainly court slumber, under a multitude of hostile and fantastic circumstances, involving many laughable incidents, some old, some new, including nightmares, ghosts, self-moving chairs, beds rising to the perpendicular or altogether disappearing, obstinate rushlights that will go out, &c., all of which were mightily relished;—to

a "street in this great metropolis" (scene 3), where policemen are very ill used, Clown and Pantaloon get "more kicks than half-pence," and sundry other time-honoured, but not the less diverting accidents, occur;—to "Smithfield-market as it is," unfortunately (scene 4), in which Jullien's Row Polka is turned, for the occasion, into a "Cow Polka," and Clown provides himself with materials for oxtail soup, by cutting off the nether pendent of a cow;—to "Smithfield-market as it ought to be" (scene 5), in the shape of a pleasant garden, refreshed by sweet-smelling fountains, the antipodes of the actual state of things, which a few enlightened men of the city defend with such profuse eloquence; where Mr. Flexmore treats the audience with his inimitable parodies of the great *dansesuses* of either Opera house, demonstrating his predelection for the exquisite Carlotta Gristi, by the superior excellence of his imitation, and the highly complimentary stanzas which anticipate his *pas*; and where, moreover, Mr. Flexmore dances a humorous polka, with a partner who turns out to be nothing more than a suit of female attire stuck upon a pole;—to a "Cardmaker's shop and Soyer's confectionery" (scene 6), where a new game of cards is played by Clown and Pantaloon, in which "Kossuth of Hungary" is taken by a "bear," recaptured by a "turkey," and the whole trick won by the national colours of England, turned "Protectionist" for this special occasion; and where Mr. Flexmore ("one of the greatest fools in London," as the bills style him) dances miraculously upon a corkscrew;—to a "Pyramidal Railway Station in Egypt" (scene 7), where mummies and Mussulmen fantastically figure, and the "Cheop's Head," where chops and steaks may be had at a moment's notice, is not to be despised;—to the "Ladies' Law Court" (scene 8), where lawyers are scurvily dealt by, and Clown is tried, for some inexplicable offence, by a female judge and jury;—and, lastly, to the "Palace of the Fairy Queen," where all is over, gold and light of every hue add splendour to the scene, and the curtain drops upon a chorus, to the highly appropriate burden of "Please to remember the fifth of November."

The first part of this pantomime, which after a few nights' experience will of course go more smoothly, is both humorous and neatly written. The scenery is beautiful, the costumes various and characteristic, the masks admirable. Mr. Honey and Mr. Wyan ("the roarer"), as the King and Guy Fawkes, act well up to each other. The music is exceedingly lively, characteristic, and well put together. Among other things, we noticed a serenade, a waltz, and a tarantella, which by the graceful *tournure* of their melody, and the sparkling manner in which they are instrumented, were easily traceable to the accomplished pen of Mr. Loder. The pantomimic part, the life and soul of which is the active and irresistible Mr. Flexmore, the best clown since Grimaldi, has lots of variety, and the tricks and transformations went remarkably well for a first night. Miss Fawcett, the Columbine, is pretty, graceful, and active. The merits of Messrs. Paulo and Bologna, as Pantaloon and Harlequin, are universally admitted, and last night were advantageously conspicuous. There are also two anonymous sprites, exceedingly nimble and active, who perform somersaults of the most perilous kind with as much presence of mind as agility of body. At the fall of the curtain there was not one dissentient voice to oppose the favorable verdict of the audience. The house was crowded to the ceiling, and the "gods" were more than usually restless and vociferous.

ADELPHI

The title of the new *extravaganza*, produced under the spirited management of Madame Celeste, is *Frankenstein*, or

the Model Man. Frankenstein (Wright), senior wrangler of Brazenface College in the University of Krackenjausen, eminent for his learning as for his absurd appearance, has manufactured a model man (Bedford); life only is wanting. Zamiel (O. Smith) appears, and for a moderate consideration supplies Frankenstein with the *elixir vitæ*. It is administered with immediate effect on the "What is it," which moves, walks, and, to the dismay of his manufacturer, follows him wherever he goes. Frankenstein hopes to escape him, and hastens to a ball given by a Baron, whose daughter, against her will, is betrothed to him, but the creature is not so easily eluded. Windows and doors give way under his mighty arm—the servants flee; and, to the horror of all, he enters the ball-room. Frankenstein is quarrelling with a favoured rival, yclept Otto of Rosenberg (Miss Woolgar). In the confusion the lovers elope, and the scene concludes with the appearance of Zamiel, who sets all things in a blaze until the fire is extinguished by Undine, spirit of the flood. Otto and the daughter meet with a benevolent fairy, who gives Otto a flute to soothe the monster. They return to the Baron's, and see Frankenstein brought before him, charged with having caused all the confusion by means of his "What is it." On their way they meet with the latter; the effect of the flute is tried, the "What is it" becomes subdued; and, after undergoing a transmutation, follows into the justice-hall. The conclusion is unexpected. The father forgives the lovers. But Zamiel comes in to claim his victim, when Undine appears, and puts out not only all his fire, but himself. Frankenstein is saved, and in the embraces of his tamed "What is it," is conveyed to the palace of the spirit of the flood. There are good materials in the piece, but occasionally the breadth of expression went to the extreme verge of license. The part of the Baron's daughter was creditably sustained by a young lady named Coveney, who made her first appearance, and the dancing of a little girl, whose name was not mentioned, in the ball scene, deserves favorable mention.

The acting of Miss Woolgar and Wright was inimitably humorous, and Bedford and O. Smith, the latter especially, were capital. The cheers from the "highest" authorities were as hearty as the manager could desire.

LYCEUM.

THE *extravaganza* for the Christmas of 1849 is, as usual, by Mr. Planché, who, not having yet exhausted the tales of the Countess D'Anois, again refers to her imaginative pages, and chooses the *Serpentin-Vert* as his subject, christening it the *Isle of Jewels*. The tale has the advantage of being more intelligible than those generally chosen by Mr. Planché, and the fairy accidents more palpable. The last burlesque or two brought out at the Lyceum have been comparatively uninteresting, wanting the prime virtue of clearness, but the *Isle of Jewels* is quite the reverse, and hence it should meet with popularity. On the score of scenic beauty and costly embellishments, we remember nothing in the records of stage luxury to which it is inferior, and if the managers of the Lyceum have been chargeable with inactivity during the last month or two, here is ample compensation, and we should think its certain recovery of the ground that is usually lost in theatrical regions during the month or two before Christmas.

We have, in this *extravaganza*, the pleasant history of the ill-fated Princess Laidronetta, upon whom a spell has been cast by a malignant fairy, and who, in consequence of the ugliness which thereby disfigures her, is transported to a solitary castle. The unfortunate Princess being, however, as virtuous in mind as she is ill-favoured in visage, receives the

protection of the good fairy, who is always at hand to aid amiability in distress, and counteract the evil influence of the spirits of mischief. In the meanwhile, a neighbouring Prince, labouring under a similar spell, is consigned to pass his days as a green serpent, unless some accommodating young lady will consent to become his wife. The Princess being, in the course of events, wrecked on the Island of Jewels, over which the Prince presides, is asked to marry him without seeing his form, which she consents to do, but is naturally horrified when she becomes aware of the awkward and undomestic shape of her husband. The wicked fairy, however, pursues the bride, because the bridegroom, who owes his transmutation to her jealousy, fondly loves her, and orders her to do certain impossible things, among others that of obtaining a flagon of water from a magic well at the top of an inaccessible mountain. The polytechnic power of the good fairy enables her to perform this task, and she further challenges her to drink the liquid, which will either give her back her beauty or the serpent her original shape. She chooses the latter, and Prince Emerald appears in one of those golden forms that only spring from the brain of the stage idealist, while the heroine's triumph over the impulse of vanity is coincidentally rewarded by the restoration of physical loveliness, and the investiture of goodly raiment appropriate thereto.

The extravaganza is written in the ordinarily neat and elegant style of Mr. Planché; nevertheless there seems to be hardly so much point and variety in the dialogue as usual. But how exquisitely is it strengthened by Mr. Beverly, whose scenes are as beautiful as can be well imagined. There is no artist publicly engaged upon labours of this ideal character, who displays such adroit and attractive talent as this gentleman, and his works at Christmas and Easter are always full of interest to those who can feel and appreciate their excellence. The first scene, a spacious hall supported by spiral columns, hung with white muslin hangings, and lit with golden tripods carrying branches of wax candles, is a noble vista, the luminous brilliancy of which, when filled with a multitude of gaily dressed ladies and cavaliers of the court, is very imposing. The fourth scene of the same act is also a work of equal elaboration, though of more imaginative character, the text of the painter being the island which gives the title to the piece, and hence the development of those fancied traits of invention which so signally distinguish Mr. Beverly. The second and third scenes belong to the more legitimate regions of art, a pair of landscapes, representing the tower in which the heroine is immured, its gradual secession from the eye giving place to a fine study of the ocean in a moment of tempestuous agitation. But the last scene of the second act is the triumph. A hedge line of leaves bend gradually forward, disclosing a row of lustrous nymphs, each bearing a precious jewel on her head, a higher series of gently-dipping leaves forming a sort of crown, from the centre of which a group of flowers bloom in flashing colours, and oscillate gracefully in the air. This tableau has certainly never been equalled, and the applause that it received was tremendous. The success of the extravaganza may be chiefly attributed to this superb piece of scenic contrivance.

A young lady, of the name of St. George, played the part of the Princess, evincing a very promising ability as a singing actress, and supplying the place of Miss Fitzwilliam with perfect efficiency. She was encored in a version of "Where the bee sucks," which she executed very tastefully. Madame Vestris, as her attendant, gave the best possible point to the doggrels both of dialogue and song, introducing in the latter department a capital parody on Donizetti's "In questa semple." But better still, and more heartily appreciated by the

audience, was her mimicry of the popular Jetty Treffz, in her inimitable "Trab, trab, trab," which called down peals of laughter and applause. It is not easy, even for Mdme. Vestris, to imitate Alboni. There were several pretty dances; but the ballet of action touching the loves of Cupid and Psyche, which terminates the first act, requires very material curtailment.

OLYMPIC.

A THEATRE could scarcely open under more favourable circumstances than did the Olympic on Wednesday evening. In the first place, there is the beautiful new edifice, which we briefly described in our last number, and which has shot up almost magically from the heap of ruins left by the very recent conflagration. In the second place, there is a company of remarkable strength, collected from every other establishment in London. The Marylebone performers, who, coming from a remote locality to the heart of the metropolis, have performed an operation the very reverse of colonization, of course constitute the nucleus of this new body. Mrs. Mowatt, Miss Fanny Vining, and Mr. Davenport, who reigned in the north-western suburb, are magnates in the more southern region, and bring with them Messrs. Johnstone, Herbert, Belton, and Miss Oliver. Among the actors who gather round this nucleus are—Mr. Frank Matthews, one of the best "old men" of the present day; Mr. A. Wigan, celebrated in *roles de caractères*; Mr. Compton, excellent as a "legitimate" low comedian, especially in Shakspeare; Mr. Meadows, a veteran of the same class; Mr. T. Matthews, one of the best of clowns; and the Marshalls, known as clever and spirited dancers; besides Mr. Holl, Mr. Conway, Mr. Ryder, Mr. J. Reeve, Mr. Scharf, Mrs. Seymour, and Mrs. Wigan. In the third place, there is the lessee, Mr. Watts, who has already shown abundance of spirit at the Marylebone, and who, it may fairly be expected, will rather increase than diminish his exertions, now that he has a more promising field for their display. Lastly, there are the excellent scene-painters, Messrs. Dayes and Gordon, ready to carry the decorative department to a high degree of perfection.

An address for the opening of the theatre, written by Mr. Albert Smith, was delivered in the best taste by Mrs. Mowatt, who gained a round of applause for nearly every two lines. The address is neatly written, and full of "points" that could not fail to tell. The reader may judge for himself.

" 'Tis now some nine months since—nay, start not friends,
To no stage narrative my tale extends—
'Tis now some nine months since—the date to fix,
March twenty-seven; time, evening, half-past six;
The neighbourhood, so papers made allusion,
Was thrown into a state of great confusion;
High shot the flames, fiercely the fire-plugs play'd,
Loud swore the band of Braidwood's bold brigade;
The engines labour'd with unceasing noise,
Policemen scuffled, and huzzaed the boys—
Seeing what once would have been more enjoy'd,
A French ship's mast by English fire destroy'd;
Whilst, grand effect! the first time for an age,
Real water flooded the Olympic stage;
Or, from the engine-hose, in streams projected,
Produced an overflow quite unexpected;
And long before the following morning broke,
The lessee's hopes had ended all in smoke.
But English enterprise now laughs at time;
E'en did the Geni of the Eastern clime
For one night more Aladdin's palace raise,
It would not much surprise us now-a-days!
So our new theatre—all checks despite—
Opens, as promised, upon Boxing-night!
And our new host has sent me on the stage
Your hands and approbation to engage—

Himself not much accustomed to appear—
To say how glad he is to see you here.

You might have thought, allusion to assist,
The Phoenix, as a type, could not be miss'd;
But those who've studied from the Regent's Park,
Or Surrey Gardens, to the Child's Noah's Ark,
Know, to believe in it, is most absurd—
(I do not mean the office, but the bird).
In this most practical, material age,
The Phoenix shows not even on the stage;
And all that ashes, now-a-days, produce
Is soda for the washerwoman's use.
More trite the simile, still rather old,
That, as the chemists tell us, doubtful gold,
Through fire sent, is purified at last;
So let us hope, that through our furnace pass'd,
The Drama's spirit, chasten'd and refin'd,
Comes over pure, leaving all dregs behind.

Now, one word for myself, in this my speech,
Or, rather, for my nation, I beseech;
To you who welcomed with a friendly hand
The two poor players from a distant land—
Who gave America fresh cause to prove
Old England's liberality and love;
Believe us ever grateful for the deed,
Nor visit on a nation one wrong deed.
We prize your artists; let me then declare,
How proud and glad we are to see them there!

[Bell rings.]

Oh, goodness! there's the bell! I must away,
Although I still had very much to say.
Anon your verdict we shall come to seek;
So, for themselves, let our endeavours speak."

The address was followed by the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, very efficiently played by Mr. Davenport as Valentine, Miss F. Vining as Julia, Mrs. Seymour as Sylvia, Mr. Conway as Proteus, and Messrs. Compton and Scharf as Launce and Speed. The established favourites were well received, and the curtain was raised to re-exhibit the performers at the end of the play; after which a call was raised for Mr. Watts.

The important event of the night was of course the pantomime, which is entitled *Laugh and Grow Fat, or Harlequin Nutcracker*, and is founded on the incident, well known in more than one fairy tale, of offering a reward to any facetious person who can move the risible muscles of a dismal prince. The great representative of merriment is Jovial Christmas (Mr. Morrison), whose faithful assistant, Nutcracker, is engaged in the task of carrying good cheer into the Court of King Nonsense (Mr. Stanton), the father of Prince Melancholy. A number of personified comestibles and kitchen utensils, represented with a great deal of grotesque humour, form the retinue of Christmas. His enemy is King Humbug (Mr. Morris), an evil potentate, whose palace, supported by two gigantic blowers of soap-bubbles, cleverly sets forth the various "humbugs" of recent times. That evil may not preponderate to the detriment of dramatic justice, there is a troop of Naiades, who dwell in a pearly palace, and pay allegiance to Queen Sincerity (Miss M. Oliver). In this palace a new contrivance is employed, by which day is converted into night with very beautiful effect. After divers perils the Christmas party reaches the palace of King Nonsense, which is another instance of scenic ingenuity, the absurd character of the monarch being illustrated by the strangely-composed figures which form the columns of the building. The attempts to move the melancholy heir-apparent to laughter prove abortive, until an unpatronised artist, with the characteristic name of Humble Merit, brings a portrait of Grimaldi, when the down-drawn corners of the Prince's mouth are drawn upwards, and his emaciated form swells into a comfortable obesity. On the transformation of the personages into the characters of the harlequinade, Humble Merit becomes

Harlequin (Mr. Cormack), and the Princess, whose hand he has gained by his skill, becomes Columbine (Miss Malcolm); and mighty King Humbug is humiliated to the condition of Pantaloon (Mr. Morris). The Clown (Mr. T. Matthews) starts from the picture of Grimaldi, as the living representative of his illustrious predecessor.

The introduction, with its droll incidents and superb scenery, is, in conformity with a rule which becomes more general every year, superior to the harlequinade, which wants curtailing. A comic dance, by the Clown and a black girl, in imitation of the Casino style, and the feats of Signor Alveradi and his pupil, were among the most attractive features in the latter. A mistaken supposition that Mr. Marshall, who played a sprite in the opening, was also to appear in the harlequinade, occasioned a temporary disturbance, which was appeased by the "Tippitichet" of the inimitable Tom Matthews.

STRAND.

On Wednesday night, *King René's Daughter* was followed by a new extravaganza, called *Diogenes and his Lantern, or a Hue and Cry after Honesty*. The gods and goddesses agree to descend upon the earth, and assume various disguises. Minerva, simulating a country girl, becomes the pupil of Diogenes, and accompanies him in search of an honest man. Their peregrination furnishes opportunity for some smart hits at platform orators and economists, belligerent peace-mongers, fraudulent tradesmen and railway directors, and other social abominations. A Railway King was introduced, whose representative (Mr. Bender) resembled in countenance, and still more in voice and accent, a notorious person, who not long since bestrode the railway world like a Colossus. The stage sycophants who surround the railway king propose to offer him a "testimonial," and a statue is suggested as a suitable one; but Minerva drily remarks, that in this country "statues never pay." The piece elicited genuine laughter, and was followed by unanimous approbation. All the actors exerted themselves, but the burden of the piece rested on Mrs. Stirling, who acquitted herself with great ability, and was called before the curtain at the end.

SADLER'S WELLS.

The new pantomime here is called *Harlequin and the Dragon of Wantley, or Moore of Moore Hall and Mother Shipton and her Black Dog*. The joviality of the holiday folks was so great that the first scenes passed in nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise. After a colloquy between Old Age and Youth on the subject of the new pantomime, we are introduced to Mother Shipton's cottage. The connection of this personage with the story it was impossible to learn. The old woman is, however, ducked in the river for some unimaginable offence, and we then come to the Baron of Wantley's Castle and Hall. He is surprised at dinner by a visit from the Dragon, who, after helping himself to *quantum suff* of his host's viands, carries off his daughter for a *bonne bouche*. Proclamation is forthwith made that whoever rescues the lady shall have her for his pains. This is achieved by Whiskersoop, afterwards Harlequin (Mr. Fenton); but the false-hearted Baron, having gained his end, refuses to perform his promise. Here the usual supernatural interference takes place, and the harlequinade begins, the Baron becoming Clown, and the Dragon a Sprite. The tricks and changes are unusually numerous, and some of the jokes very good. The huge golden egg from California, which on being opened produces a live goose, was an excellent hit, and told well. Logs for the navy, turned into the Navy Board, was equally good.

MARYLEBONE.

THIS theatre re-opened on Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. Edward Stirling. The new piece, *Clara Charrette*, turns on the vicissitudes to which a woman is subjected, who at the will of her dead mother dismisses her betrothed lover to marry a wealthy banker, and thereby frees her father from debt. The lover goes to the wars under the Emperor, whence he returns a Field-Marshal, and claims his betrothed bride, now become widow. The action of the piece, especially in the last act, is a little like that of the *Lady of Lyons*, but it is put together with considerable dramatic tact and keeps the attention alive to the end. The principal character was sustained by Mrs. Hudson Kirby, a lady of provincial reputation, who has been engaged to supply the place of Miss Fanny Vining, whom she a little resembles both in person and acting. The new pantomime, *Harlequin and Fairy Land*, is very good. The introductory portion, which is worked out very cleverly, may be briefly told. After the usual consultation among the supernatural agencies, we find the Princess Zela, about to be sold by auction, in the matrimonial market, by her cross papa. Among her other suitors come Prince Gold and Prince Poverty. The lady chooses the latter, while papa insists on her marrying the former, but at length consents that the matter shall be determined by a trial of the powers of the contending suitors. The rich prince immediately conveys the lady to a golden palace, after which his rival presents her with a picture of rural felicity and domestic bliss in a cottage. Here accordingly she fixes her choice. Her rich suitor has recourse to the powers of darkness, who can only transform the parties, and turn them loose. The harlequinade, which is crammed to repletion with fun, goes off right merrily. There is a good Clown, an agile Harlequin, an active Sprite, and a graceful Columbine. A little boy of some six or seven, is made, among other feats, to mount a ladder balanced on his father's chin; after going through sundry painfully astonishing freaks at the top of the ladder, he descends head foremost, winding snake-like between the steps. Miss Kirby, the Columbine, is very pretty, and dances a *pas seul* charmingly, to a Scotch melody. There is also a good musical joke—Jullien and the Clown have a *pas de deux*, to a melange of odds, ends, and beginnings of tunes, linked into an entire whole, with great ingenuity. Among the performers, Mr. Thorne, the Sprite, deserves particular mention; he throws chains of somersaults some twenty in length, and leaps, bounds, and twists himself into all manner of shapes with astonishing adroitness. The pantomime was well received, and will, no doubt, live to the full period commonly allotted to such holiday ephemera.

SURREY.

THE name of the pantomime at this theatre, is *The Moon Queen and King Night*; or *Harlequin Twilight*; that of the author, Alfred Crowquill. *King Night* (Mr. W. J. Collier) in his sombre cavern, and the *Moon Queen* (Miss E. Bromley) in her starlit hemisphere, afford contrasts, which the scene-painters—Messrs. Meadows and Calcott—have effectively seized. The transformation exhibits Madlle. Luiza as columbine; Harlequin, M. Lupino; Clown, Mr. Dewhurst; Pantaloon, Mr. Naylor; and Sprite, Mr. J. Lupino, who executes the pantomimic dances and tricks with grace and agility. The first scene presents the "Everywhere Railway-office," where a "few fast men" are wanted for the booking department," kept by "Hudson, Bolt, and Co." Time bills are not required, as you are everywhere "in no time." A huge parcel labelled "French National Guard" turns out a model of the Fortifications of Paris. A similar package, the

"English National Guard," sends out supplies of roast beef and plum-pudding. Then follows the clown's kitchen, where the eatables only appear to vanish up the chimney, and the unaccommodating bedroom, whence tables and chairs, touched by Harlequin's magic wand, disappear, until the bed is converted into a boat rocking on the sea, and the Clown throws Pantaloon overboard to stuff the maw of a ravenous shark. A street view of a doctor's shop and pastry cook's, is signalled by the entrance of a Russian bear, "whose Royal head the semblance of a kingly crown has on." The animal is immediately set upon by some zealous disciples of the Manchester school, who perform the process of "pulling him to pieces" with great unction. As they tear off large pieces of hide the words Poland, Turkey, Sweden, &c., appear written upon the inside in large characters, until Ursa Major, despoiled of his unlawful acquisitions, appears in all the nakedness of Russia Proper. Lola Montes appears lying on a sofa smoking a cigar, attended by the redoubtable bulldog which caused two or three *émeutes* in the Bavarian capital, until a sausagemaker of Munich whips it up and disappears. A gallant captain here presents himself and elopes with the dashing fair. A *pas des patineurs*, in St. James's-park, is cleverly put upon the stage; and a view of Ramegate sands completes the piece. Some of the scenes require excision, and the fun now and then drags; but the curtain fell amid much applause.

ASTLEY'S.

The established fame of the old equestrian theatre on the Surrey side of Westminster bridge was on Wednesday night sustained with its customary eclat. The audience were, on the whole, less remarkable for exuberant jollity than is the wont of those who fill the places of public entertainment on such occasions. The stud of Astley's it is scarcely necessary to praise; its numbers, condition and training, have long been acknowledged by the patrons of equestration. On Wednesday night the performances commenced with an equestrian spectacle of the usual cast, full of chivalric exploits, terrific combats, captive ladies, and gallant knights. Then followed scenes in the circle. The old favourites of the audience were there, with signs of fresh vigour, new sources of animation, and novel feats and performances. Amongst the ladies was Mdle. Angele, from the Hippodrome, Paris, her first appearance in London, whose grace, dignity, and perfect management of her steed obtained cordial and unanimous applause. All the scenes of the circle went off remarkably well. The Clown was good, and Mr. Widdicombe was there, whose presence left nothing to be desired. The name of the new Christmas pantomime is *Yankee Doodle came to Town upon his little Pony*, in which there is the usual amount of supernatural and allegorical personages, suprising transformations, and artistic scenery. The author is the veteran, Nelson Lee, who has written so many pantomimes that he does not remember how many. It opened with a scene portraying the "Bowers of Peace," the fairy inhabitant being Peace herself, in the person of Mrs. Beacham, attended by two sprites—Mirth and Sport. Peace soon discovers Plenty, Miss E. Loveday, a favourite attendant of Britannia, and in the "Halls of Plenty," in which the real elfin steeds are introduced, the fairy Hope, (Mrs. Jackson), anchors, and a full ship's company of fairy attendants appear to greet Britannia (Miss Moreton Brooks), as she descends from her car on the waves and takes the command-in-chief. Young England (Mr. W. H. Harvey), "a pert young man and a regular brick," becomes acquainted with the goddess, who promises to promote his interest with a

certain nigger lady, Miss Dinah, a sister of Lucy Long, after which she retires for a time, assuring her subjects that

"If England and America keep friends, 'tis clear,
There will be peace and plenty all the year."

Another wooer of Miss Dinah, Yankee Doodle (Barry), has come to London for the purpose of "settling her business," but on his arrival, with his famous servant, Sam Slick, he finds all his plans thwarted by Young England. Although "tarnation cute," Brother Jonathan somehow finds the Britishers of London too much for him, and at last he "calkilates" that he is only getting robbed, cheated, swindled, and deceived on all sides. Britannia, however, resolves to give the disconsolate son of Columbia another chance, and the usual transformations having been effected, the chase begins. The following are the characters of the harlequinade;—Harlequin Mr. W. H. Harvey; Columbine Miss Louisa Davidson; Clown Mr. Jackson; Pantaloon Mr. Craddock. The usual tricks and jokes form the staple of the fun, which was kept up with unflagging spirit and vivacity. The new art of graphology, or discerning characters from handwriting, the cheap excursion schemes to the Continent, the early closing movement, the opening of the Coal Exchange, Jullien's everywhere hissed and every where encored, Row Polka, and other follies of the day were successfully brought forward, and excited endless merriment. Some negro melodies were introduced, a nigger dance was executed with spirit, and a couple of comic songs from a special favourite at Astley's were imperatively demanded and obtained. The machinery all worked smoothly for a first night, and everything went off well.

MARYLEBONE INSTITUTION.

Another instance of the growing influence of good music was noted, on Friday last, at this literary and scientific institution, where Mr. Edward W. Thomas, one of our most accomplished violinists, gave a quartet and solo concert to a numerous and attentive audience. The style of entertainment may be guessed from the following programme:—

PART I.

Quartet (in G, No. 81) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. Watson and E. W. Thomas, Mr. Weslake, and Mr. Guest Haydn.
Fantasia, on airs from *Maritana*, Pianoforte, Miss Kate Loder Wallace.
Quartet (in G, No. 1) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Watson, Mr. Weslake and Mr. Guest Mozart.

PART II.

Trio (in C Minor, No. 3) Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Miss Kate Loder, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Guest Beethoven.
Introduction and Variations on a Russian Air, Violin, Mr. E. W. Thomas David.
Quartet (in A. No. 5) two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Messrs. E. W. Thomas and Watson, Mr. Weslake and Mr. Guest Beethoven.

The quartets went exceedingly well, especially the exquisitely graceful one of Mozart, in which Mr. Thomas proved himself both a finished and a classical player, and was very efficiently supported by Messrs. Watson, Weslake, and Guest. Mr. Thomas was also remarkably successful in his solo—one of David's best, an ably written fantasia, in which nothing trivial occurs—maintaining his right to be called one of the most brilliant of our executants. Miss Kate Loder played the trio by Beethoven (which went very well throughout) in a masterly manner. A couple of songs might have been introduced with advantage, as a relief to the continued succession

of long instrumental pieces. We heartily wish Mr. Thomas the success he deserves. We understand that his scheme is to introduce concerts of this character at all the metropolitan and suburban institutions. The beneficial results from such a plan, successfully carried out, may readily be imagined. Let us, however, advise Mr. Thomas, for the future, to excise the following paragraph from his bills, which is unnecessary, exclusive, and vexatious—unnecessary because it signifies nothing, exclusive because it limits all excellence to three names, and vexatious because it implies a doubt of the willingness and capability of his audiences to appreciate the music he lays before them.

"In selecting from the works of the great masters—Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, care has been taken to unite the *pleasing* with the *classical*."

Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven are great masters, but not *the* great masters. Mr. Thomas should remember that Mendelssohn and Spohr have some pretensions to be ranked in the list, to say nothing of several others where chamber-music is not the only consideration. Uniting the "*pleasing* with the *classical*" may mean something, but *what* we shall not attempt to discover. Because music is classical does Mr. Thomas insinuate that it cannot be *pleasing*? If so, he had better abandon his scheme, and throw himself at the feet of the "Fast school," to whom a polka is the quintessence of sound; for when music is not *pleasing* it implies a want of melody, leaves unfulfilled the first condition that attaches to a work of art, is not the offspring of genius, and cannot, therefore, be designated the work of a "great master."

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

This last has been a busy week in matters musical here. On Tuesday the 18th, the Madrigalians held their annual Dress Concert—"Ladies' night"—at the Town Hall. Wednesday night, Seymour's second Quartet Concert came off, at the Charlton-on-Medlock Town Hall; and on Thursday, the 29th, Hallé's fourth Classical Chamber Concert. At the last of these we were present. The room was well-filled, notwithstanding Christmas parties; more than the usual number of young ladies were present, doubtless just arrived home for the holidays. We are more and more pleased with Mr. Hallé's *locale*. For chamber concerts it is admirably well adapted, and the room looks as brilliant as before, albeit there was a loyal display of general mourning in respect to the memory of the late Queen Dowager.

Despite your prohibition, we again send the programme—you can afford six lines;—besides Hallé's are so rich and classical that they deserve being reported.

PART FIRST.—Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (in C minor, Op. 1), Beethoven.—Song, Miss Andrews, "Vergiss mein nicht," Mozart.—Grande Sonate, Pianoforte (in D, Op. 10), Beethoven.

PART SECOND.—Quartet, Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (in G minor), Mozart.—Song, Miss Andrews, "Volksleid," Kücken.—Miscellaneous Selection, Pianoforte, "Lieder ohne Worte" (first book, No. 1, and sixth book, No. 5), Mendelssohn; "Berceuse" and "Polonaise" (in A), F. Chopin.

The opening trio (called in the programme, Op. 1,* by the way—how is this?—it might be Op. 1 of his trios, but scarcely of his works), was a masterly performance. We had not Signor Piatti at the violoncello this time, but we could not help feeling a degree of pride that we had a townsman who could supply his place so well as Mr. Thorley, although of course Piatti is far superior, both in finish and execution; indeed, we incline to the opinion expressed by you in last week's note—that Signor Piatti is "the greatest

* The Op. 1 of Beethoven consists of three trios, of which the present is the third.—Ed. M. W.

violoncellist now living." We were delighted with Mr. Seymour's execution, and M. Hallé's pianoforte playing was greater than ever to our thinking. We relished the Trio all the better from having heard it once before at Hallé's concerts last season. The Sonata provided a fine display for Hallé's command over the pianoforte, and for his thorough appreciation of the works of the author. The grandeur of the *adagio* exceeded our ideas of the powers of the instrument—so full, so orchestral were the tones that fell upon our ears. The *Minuetto*, joyous yet elegant, so charmed us that we were quite sorry it was over so soon, and though not partial to encores in general, should most gladly have welcomed a repetition of both that and the final *rondo*. We were delighted with the combined power and delicacy of Hallé's playing, and the striking effects of contrast he was thereby enabled to produce, not merely in the gradations of *piano* and *forte*, but in the quality of *tone*.

The second part opened with Mozart's quartet in G minor, in which the three clever executants named were assisted in the violin part by the same talented amateur who rendered efficient service at one or two of Hallé's concerts last season. This quartet in G minor is an admirable specimen of the master. Who could listen to the lovely flowing *andante*, and not at once recognize Mozart? In speaking of these master-pieces we feel how inadequate are words to describe the depth and variety of our impressions.

Hallé wound up, as usual, with a miscellaneous selection. The present one included two of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, and two short pieces by Chopin, all of which were played in the most effective manner. Miss Andrews, in both her songs, which she gave in the original German, evinced signs of improvement. She sang with more feeling than on former occasions, and her vocalisation was evidently better. We hope good things from this young lady, who has been tutored in a good school, but we must warn her against attempting songs that are beyond her compass.

M. Hallé's fifth concert is fixed for the 10th of January.

[We must entreat the indulgence of our worthy correspondent, whose letter we have been compelled to abridge considerably. Our excuse is an unusual press of matter which we are unable to postpone.—D. R.]

THE DRAMA AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE monotony of this dull town was much relieved by the announcement from Mr. Newcombe, the popular director of the theatre, that it was his intention to open his establishment for the season on Boxing night. *Kenilworth*, adapted to the stage by the manager himself, from Sir Walter Scott's novel, was the piece selected for the occasion. The *mise en scene* was really superb; the scenery by Mr. Grieve, of the Royal Italian Opera House, and the local artistes, was faultless in every respect, and the costumes were costly and appropriate. A large platform was erected across the pit, and the centre box of the dress circle was taken away, for the Champion, with his esquires, herald, &c., to come down and form a most effective tableau in the scene of Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Mr. Newcombe's appearance, on a *clipping* white steed, as the Champion, dressed in a complete suit of armour, was the signal for loud applause from all parts of the house—a token of the estimation in which he is held in this town and neighbourhood. An entirely new company, with the exception of two or three of the established favourites, in addition to the conventional attractions of Boxing night, brought a dense crowd to the theatre, and many were turned away from the doors long before the commencement of the play.

A word or two will suffice for the merits of the company, since it is impossible to estimate their pretensions on a single trial. I must make an exception, however, in favour of three—Mrs. Dyas, Mr. Wilmarth Waller, and Mr. J. F. Young, the representatives of Amy Robsart, The Earl of Leicester, and Varney. Mrs. Dyas displayed energy devoid of rant, and pathos of the truest kind. Mr. Wilmarth Waller possesses an intelligent and striking physiognomy, added to a very good figure. He has, I understand, created a favourable sensation in the American Theatres, and the

Dublin critics speak highly of him. On the present occasion he justified all that has been said of him. His acting was graceful, his delivery good. His great scene with Varney (skilfully worked up by the adapter) was well conceived, and played throughout with artistic skill.

Mr. J. F. Young made the part of Varney most conspicuous. This gentleman thoroughly understands his business and is a valuable acquisition to Mr. Newcombe's troupe. Anthony Forster was ably impersonated by Mr. Robins, and Mr. Stirling, as Sir Walter Raleigh, displayed both ease and judgment. Miss Margaret Bennett's figure was hardly suited to the part of Queen Elizabeth, a part which should have been given to an actress of much experience and address. Favourable mention must be made of Miss Eardly (a pupil of Balfe's), who has a voice of pleasing quality, and sings with taste. There was also some dancing to vary the entertainment, and the curtain did not fall (at the end of the *Cabin Boy*, effectively played by Mrs. Dyas and the rest) until one o'clock. Mr. Waller will act *Hamlet* next week. Much is expected of him in this part.

T. E. B.

Dec. 27.

MUSIC AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE Philharmonic Society gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms on Tuesday, the 18th of December. The society, which not long since originated among a number of amateurs for their own private amusement, has grown into considerable importance, having acquired the assistance of the resident professional instrumentalists (including Messrs. Jay, Liddell, Dunsford, &c.) as well as the patronage of the leading gentry of the town and neighbourhood, which enables them to give occasional concerts of an interesting character. The principal drawback heretofore has been the want of good vocal music, which was agreeably obviated at the recent concert, as at the preceding one, the society having obtained the assistance of Miss Emily Grant, whose singing is both artistic and effective. The programme on the present occasion was particularly attractive. It commenced with Mozart's Symphony in G minor, which did not go as well as we could have desired. Weber's overture, "the Ruler of the Spirits," was, however, given with more effect and precision; and "the Wedding March" of Mendelssohn was on the whole well performed. Mr. Hawks, a gentleman amateur, played a solo on the flute. There was also some good choral singing, particularly "the Prayer" from *Masaniello* (unaccompanied). Miss Emily Grant sang Flotow's cavatina, "Love dwell with me," and Macfarren's charming ballad, "She shines before me like a Star" (*King Charles the Second*), which being encored, she substituted one of her sparkling French romances (accompanying herself), in which she was warmly applauded at the end of each couplet. The concert passed off to the entire satisfaction of the audience, Mr. Dunsford officiating most ably as conductor.

MUSIC AT BRISTOL.

LAST Thursday the long announced performance of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* and Mendelssohn's *Athalie* took place at the Victoria Rooms. Both works being new to our Bristol audiences the performances excited a great deal of interest, and the Rooms, in spite of bad weather and dirty streets, were well filled. Band and chorus consisted of 150 individuals, and under the energetic leading of Mr. Cooper acquitted themselves tolerably well. In the *Mount of Olives* Miss A. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler sustained the solo parts with great success; in *Athalie* the two Misses Williams and Mrs. J. P. Smith did the same with still greater effects. The office of the speaker in the latter composition was undertaken by Mr. Riddle, who, by his reading in the dissenting minister style, caused much laughter, though this was just the contrary effect of what he intended to produce. Beethoven's *Christus um Oelberge* is an old favourite of mine,

but *Athalie*, which I heard for the first time, appears to me nothing more than a succession of fine lyric bits, strung together too loosely to form a whole. I may err, but to my judgment such revivals of the Greek form of drama as in *Oedipus* and *Antigone*, however successful, are no advance in dramatic-musical art. What is your opinion Mr. Editor?*

Madame Dulcken gave a morning concert on the same day, which was but thinly attended. I could not help wondering at this, seeing that the programme was so very attractive. The performance itself was of the highest order, and better than any I ever witnessed in this place. Madame Dulcken, Herr Hausmann (violinello) and "the famous Kontzki" were the instrumental performers; Herr Schönhoff and Mdle Schloss, the vocalists. Hausmann played capitally, and Kontzki astonished the natives by his queer tricks.

In conclusion, a word to Mr. Flowers, who has honoured me with an answer in the *stretto*, as you call it. As he is now aware "to what class of musicians I belonged in my fatherland," I am saved the trouble of mentioning my former comrades. We—I mean the class to which I belonged—were a humble set of musicians, very fond of the compositions of Sterndale Bennet, Wallace, Onslow, Balfe, J. Barnett, Macfarren, and a number of other English masters writing in the *low style*. To understand and relish composers of the *high-school*, which is represented by Mr. French Flowers, we had neither opportunity nor ability. At this Mr. Flowers is "delighted," very probably because the intrusion of such "*lampaci vagabundi*," such "crabs and lobsters, as your crawling correspondents" would desecrate the holy temple of art, of which French Flowers is the self-elected high-priest. It was, perhaps, from fear of this that Mr. Flowers allowed so few of his "Essays on Fugue" to cross the Channel; but Mr. Flowers may make himself easy on this account; his works are safe from the attacks of those wretches, to whom your "innocent" Teutonium belongs. I have tried hard to break through the thorny hedge of his essay; my hands and face are bleeding, my garments torn; but of the sleeping beauty I have not caught a glimpse.

Yours,

TEUTONIUS.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—Paris is all alive again; since the miserable riots of February, 1848, it has not been so gay. The shops in themselves offer the prettiest sights in the capital; and the preparations for the *Etrennes* of the new year, whether in toys, chocolate, bonbons, books, *modes*, jewellery, *breloques* or statuettes, appear to exceed those of all preceding ones.

Despite the absence of the *subvention*, the theatres are doing well, one and all, with the exception, *miserabile dictu*, of the Porte St. Martin. You may have heard that a drama called *Rome*, of which great things were expected, and on which a great sum of money had been expended, was prohibited after the third or fourth representation. The "scenery and properties" could not be lost, and a new play was hurriedly written up to them, called *Le Connetable du Bourbon*. It had a certain sort of success, but drew no crowd; and so Madame Weiss and the *danseuses Viennoises* were added to the attractions. These attract a little; but the Parisians want some stirring drama, like the *Tour de Nesle*, or some gorgeous fairy piece, like the *Belle aux Cheveux d'Or*, to make them throng to the doors of the Porte St. Martin.†

* Precisely the contrary.—Ed. M. W.

† Or, better than all, Frederic Lemaître, who has been too long idle and unpropitious.—Ed.

Adrienne Lecouvreur is still playing to delighted audiences at the Théâtre Français; and the *Fée aux Roses*, at the Opera Comique, is still a "hit," but people talk more of the decorations and machinery than of the music. At the Historique, Melingue, who was so brutally treated by our theatrical scum in the "*Monte Cristo Row*," has been very successful in a new drama by Dumas, the *Comte Hermann*. The piece is of the "*Antony*" school—one of passion and intrigue rather than of great effects. A new drama is in rehearsal, taken from one of the most interesting subjects in the *Crimes Célèbres*—the trial of Urbain Grandier.

The *revues* are coming out as usual, like our pantomimes and burlesques, with the new year. That at the Palais Royal is, at present, the best. It is called *Les Mairaines de l'An III*, (of the Republic), and is crammed with hard-hitting allusions. I wonder how some escaped the censor. That at the Delassements is entitled *Paris dans la Lune*, and is equally severe; more so, perhaps, having a *boulevard* audience to deal with. The new Emperor of Hayti, figures in these pieces: also Rachel (whom they call *La Juive Errante*), the Hippodrome Bull-fighters, Lola Montez, Carlotta, all the plays and theatres *en vogue*, the newspapers, and the Republic, which appears everywhere to hold a contemptible position.

At the Opera, on Sunday, the *Favorite* was played, and Roger covered himself with renewed honours. The applause for him throughout was tremendous, and the duet in the last act was given by him and Mdle. Jullienne, with wonderful effect. Duprez took final leave of the stage last week, and Roger now reigns alone, at the Académie. His success continues equally great in *Le Prophète*, and when he appears with Viardot, "*la foule se porte toujours*" as the theatrical journals say; you really cannot get a seat unless you take one before hand.

The Gymnase produces a *revue* this week, called '*L'étoile en plein midi*,' and a fairy piece is to be brought out to night (Wednesday) at the Ambigu, on the old subject of *Les Quatre Fils D'Aymon*, which is to eclipse all former splendours.

Finally, if ultra-excitement is needed, I recommend all to go to the Vaudeville, where in *Daphnis et Chloe*, Madame Octave appears in a dress, or rather no dress at all, much more resembling that of Eve than the girdle in which Madlle. Ozay played our first mother in *Le Propriétaire c'est le Vol*. Very little is left to the imagination.

A. S.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I enclose for review at your earliest convenience a "Cathedral Service," "Tarantella," "Three Preludes and Fugues," and a late work of mine, "Arrangements," &c., for the Organ.

I have been surprised to observe, in one of your numbers, an extraordinary remark respecting the manner in which I played the organ at the Philharmonic church performance. Rest assured, Sir, that I claim no acquaintance with those musicians whose "facility" leads them to vary the text of the composer by the introduction of embellishments, &c., or any other meretricious additions.

I hope you will consider the enclosed works a sufficient answer to the ignorant remarks of your Liverpool Correspondent.

I am, Sir, your's faithfully,

W. T. BEST.

Organist of the Church for the Blind; also, Organist of the Philharmonic Society, Liverpool.

[The pieces in question have come to hand, and will receive due attention.—Ed.]

JULLIEN AT MANCHESTER.

(From a Correspondent.)

As I did not see your correspondent at the Free Trade Hall on Wednesday night, I have sent you a few lines concerning M. Jullien and his doings in Manchester. The concert of Wednesday evening, the first of his present tour in the provinces, was an excellent harbinger of his success. The Hall was filled, and the performances seemed to afford the highest gratification to all present.

I shall not inflict a programme on you—having your late prohibition before my eyes. The scheme was good and varied, comprising selections from Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Paganini, Macfarren, Kucken, Roch-Albert, and others.

As usual, desirous to provide novelty as well as amusement for his patrons, M. Jullien introduced several new things, among which I may mention a quadrille on airs from Macfarren's opera, *King Charles the Second*, including some of the most popular airs; a new Polka of his own, called the *Cossack*; and not to specify others, the celebrated *Row Polka*, which has lately created, as I am told, such a "mixed" sensation at Drury Lane.

The band played the overture to *Guillaume Tell* with great spirit. The *allegretto* from Beethoven's symphony in F was also given in admirable style; and a fantasia on *Don Giovanni* served to display the perfect execution of the soloists, no less than the power of the *ensemble*, and the accuracy and precision of M. Jullien, the conductor, who was received enthusiastically.

The soloists who distinguished themselves during the evening were, Barret (oboe), Pratten (flute), Kœnig (cornet-à-piston), Prospère (ophicleide), T. Harper (trumpet), Jarrett (horn), and V. Collins (violin).

Mdlle. Jetty Treffz, about whom so much has been said and written, was received with the cordiality that would have been accorded to an old and distinguished favourite. She first sang "Vedrai carino," from *Don Giovanni*, and immediately followed it with a sparkling German air of Kucken, "Trab, trab, trab," which I had often heard sung here, in English, by our lady amateurs, as "A ride I once was taking," a gem from Wessel and Co.'s attractive catalogue of German *lieder* and romances. The unadorned manner in which Jetty Treffz gave the beautiful melody of Mozart, accompanied as it was by genuine warmth of feeling, at once disposed me in her favour, and the audience also, it would appear, since they applauded her vehemently. The "Trab, trab, trab," created a furore. Often as I have heard it sung by our fair townswomen, I must confess that Jetty was the first to make me thoroughly enter into its humour and appreciate its unaffected prettiness. I would have given much to hear it again, but, in answer to the unanimous encore, the lady favoured us with a version, as original as it was captivating, of the old Scottish ballad, "Coming thro' the rye," which served as an excellent substitute. Nothing could be more winningly simple than the fair Jetty's interpretation of this piquant Scotch melody, one of the glories, in the olden time, of our never-to-be-forgotten Stephens.

In the second part Jetty was announced to sing the romance from Macfarren's *King Charles the Second*, "A poor simple maiden am I," which is travelling at a fast rate throughout the provinces. Much to my disappointment, however, and that of everybody present, through some negligence, the parts were not to be found, and another song was obliged to be given. This was a melancholy ditty, but catching and musical withal, called "My bright Savoy." I know not by what author,* which pleased me mightily, as *Punch's* Mr. Pips would say in one of his fits of musical enthusiasm. The melancholy ditty was succeeded by one more wild and exuberant, but at the same time plaintive, styled in the bills *Canzonetta Napolitana*, "Io te voglio bene assaje," which Jetty Treffz sang with such fervour and animation that the whole audience demanded a repetition. The pretty German, however, as obstinate as pretty, would by no means comply, and, as in the first part, substituted another song. But as this was "Home, sweet home," the symphony of which by the orchestra was the signal for a prolonged burst of applause, nobody grumbled, and assuredly no,

* We presume it was the clever new song of "Angelina," which we have noticed more than once.—ED.

I. Jetty Treffz is certainly one of the most charming of ballad-singers. I never heard this sweetest of modern ballads more sweetly and touchingly warbled. The enthusiasm it created was quite genuine.

Jetty Treffz has come through the ordeal with flying colours. She has justified all that has been said of her. In German, English, and Italian music (in their original language) she seems equally at home, and her talent appears to be as varied as it is original.

The *Charles II. Quadrilles* are admirably scored, and the themes have been selected with great judgment. They were received with much favor, as were the *Hungarian Quadrilles*, in which Jullien has introduced some very effective variations for flute, oboe, clarinet, violoncello, and flageolet, which were capitally played by Pratten, Barret, Lazarus, L. Collins, and Collinet. Another Composition of Jullien's, a *valse à deux tms*, called *The Wild Flowers*, struck me as exceedingly graceful and well instrumented. These, like Jetty Treffz, were new to a Manchester audience,* and the welcomer on this account.

Kœnig, an old favorite here, was loudly applauded in a solo on the cornet-à-pistons, ("The Exile's Lamentation"—an air by Roch-Albert) on which instrument he remains without a rival. This was heard for the first time, as also "La Chatelaine," a lively polka of Kœnig's own composition, and one even livelier, by Jullien, *The Cossack*, founded (according to book) on Russian and Siberian melodies. Where Jullien obtained the latter it would not be easy to guess, although, I was told, he once penetrated into the interior of China, to obtain materials for his famous Chinese Quadrilles; and if he went into China, where the laws of the empire forbid strangers to travel, I see no reason why he should fail in traversing Siberia, with no other barriers than the deep snows, the interminable steppes,* and the mountains that mask their faces in the clouds.

I should have mentioned that the *Don Giovanni* piece pleased very much. Prospère sang "Fin ch'han dal vino," the Don's "Brindisi"—so much more rollicking and irresistible than Donizetti's—almost as well as Tamburini himself, although Prospère's Ophicleide is by no means so flexible as Tam's barytone; and Herr Schmidt played like an angel on the mandoline, to the serenade of Kœnig's cornet. This fantasia, and in fact everything in the programme, except the overtures, was new to Manchester, a testimony to Jullien's inexhaustible resources.

I was obliged to leave before Viotti Collins played his solo on the violin, and before the "Row Polka" had blown the crowd out of the hall, for which I must express my regret, as I wanted very much to hear both.

I am glad to tell you that Jullien has announced a Mendelssohn night (or "Festival"—why Festival?) to take place in a few days. Already, I am told, nearly all the tickets are disposed of. Among other features Charles Hallé, the pianist, who (as I suppose you are aware) resides at Manchester, is engaged to play one of the concertos.

I hear a great deal of Hallé's chamber-concerts, but they are so exclusively aristocratic (or rather *burgomacratie*, for our nobility is all in the mercantile and manufacturing line—much haughtier, by the way, than *ancienne noblesse*) that there is no getting in for love or money, without a recommendation from one of these proud merchants, which, though I am acquainted with some of them, I have not the "cheek" to ask for. I am glad, however, that Hallé—an excellent artist, whom I knew when quite a lad, and also later, in Paris—is getting on so well. He is making lots of money, has more teaching than he can do, turns his chamber-concerts to profitable account, and has been nominated conductor to the Gentlemen's Concerts. And all this in the space of a twelvemonth, or so. But Hallé is a *rara avis* in Manchester, and the Manchesterites are loth to lose him. So they do everything in their power to make his sojourn here agreeable, being well aware that he would be able to do quite as well, in a short time, in the metropolis. One good thing at least will arise from Hallé's appointment. I do not know if you ever

* Our correspondent is in error. Mdlle Treffz sang, last Summer, at one of the Gentlemen's Concerts. She was, nevertheless, a novelty to the vast audiences of the Free Trade Hall.—ED.

† Large desert plains, peculiar to the North of Russia.

heard the orchestra of the Gentlemen's Concerts, but, if you have, you will not be surprised when I say that, considering its numbers and the means of the directors and subscribers, it is the very worst in Europe. I am told—and I hope it may be true—that Hallé has stipulated for the power of altogether remodelling it, and is already hard at work. Seymour is an excellent fellow, and a good violinist, but it requires a man of more energy and experience to preside over a large orchestra and direct the proceedings of a musical institution as large and important, in its way, as the London Philharmonic, or the *Société des Concerts*, in Paris. Whether Hallé be the man required remains to be tested—I have great hopes of him, from his known musical taste, and his excessive love for the music of the real great masters.

I am glad to hear that Stephen Heller is in London. He is a man too modest for his merits, and I fear his retiring manners may stand in the way of his advancement. There was a rumour that he and Ernst were coming down here, for a few days, and that Ernst was to take first fiddle at one of Hallé's soirées. In that case I should certainly have made a bold face and applied to Mr. S. S. for a ticket.

As I perceive you have a very intelligent correspondent from this place—a little too enthusiastic, perhaps, about Jenny Lind and Mr. Thorley—I shall not often find it necessary to send you communications. What he misses, however, I offer willingly to supply, as I am per force buried alive for awhile in this huge metropolis of smoke and commerce. I say "buried alive," because I am miserable without music; and music, as I understand it—not feeling much interest in glees, and living almost entirely in seclusion—is of so rare occurrence in Manchester, that it is about as good (for me) as though there were none at all. To hear even a quartet well performed is impossible. What the orchestras are I need not remind you. By the by, is it true that Lidel,* the violoncellist, is coming to stay here? If so, we only want a first violin and a tenor (we have already a competent second violin in Seymour), and a quartet will be possible. *Quel plaisir!* It is awfully cold here.—Yours, &c.

* Yes.—Ed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CARLOTTA GRISI, having taken her leave, for the present, of the *Théâtre de la Nation*, will commence a tour immediately, the duration of which will of course depend upon the extent of her *congé*. We believe the first destination of the charming favourite of Terpsichore will be Dublin. Carlotta was so well received by her Irish audience, on her last visit to the capital of Hibernia (1846), that we are not surprised at her wish to return. A new welcome and new triumphs await her, as hearty and as brilliant as those which she now remembers. We understand that Carlotta Grisi is engaged to open the season at Her Majesty's Theatre.

STEPHEN HELLER.—The director of the Musical Union introduced Stephen Heller to some of the most accomplished amateurs of this society on Monday evening last, when this renowned Parisian *artiste de salon* fully realized all that had been expected of him both as a composer and pianist. Ernst and Heller, in music of their joint production, afforded the greatest possible delight; and it is to be hoped that these two artists will shortly repeat their performance before a public audience.—*Britannia*.

VIVIER, we understand, is to play two solos at Mr. Alleroff's concert on the 14th. The amateurs of the horn will thus have a good opportunity of hearing this very accomplished professor, whose appearances in public are, "like angel's visits, few and far between." *On s'empresera de l'entendre*.

ALEXANDRE BILLET.—This sterling pianist has announced three classical *soirées*, the scope and intention of which we shall enlarge upon shortly.

MEYERBEER's opera, *Le Prophète*, will be produced at Vienna, on the 10th of January.

MR. CLEMENT WHITE has returned to town from Daventry, having had the pleasure of witnessing the complete success of his pupil, the young tenor of whom we have already spoken, and whom we hope, not long hence, to hear at one of the musical theatres of the metropolis.

ALBONI has been playing at Metz with immense success, in *La Favorite*, and the *Reine de Chypre*.

THALBERG.—Immediately previous to his return to London, this celebrated pianist played at three concerts at Lyons, with the success that invariably attends his performances.

WALTER C. MACFARREN.—This clever and rising musician, and professor of the pianoforte, has been elected an associate of the Philharmonic Society.

YOUTHS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—A concert is to take place at the Sussex Hall, on Tuesday next, in aid of the above society. Several well-known vocalists and instrumentalists are engaged. The object of the Youths' Benevolent Society is to procure a fund sufficient to enable them to apprentice poor youths—orphans, or otherwise destitute—of the Jewish persuasion, and is entitled to the sympathies of the humane.

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Prospectuses of the general arrangements, with the Terms of the Season Subscription, may be obtained at Mr. MITCHELL's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; and at the Box-office of the Theatre, which will be opened on Tuesday next, January 1st.

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